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QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Special care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,
BRASS FOUNDER,
MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER,
Quincy, Illinois.

H. C. NICHOLS,
LAW AND REAL ESTATE,
501 Main Street,
Quincy, Illinois.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,
Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois.

J. H. MICHELMANN,
Manufacture of all kinds of
STEAM BOILER,
Coal Oil, Lard and Water Tanks.

Also all kinds of Iron Work, Stove Stacks and
Bridges. Special attention given to all kinds of
repairs. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly
attended to. Second hand boilers always on hand.
Corner Spring and Second Streets,
Quincy, Illinois.

KIRKSVILLE CARDS.
R. L. DARROW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.
Kirkville, Mo.

Will buy and sell Real Estate, pay taxes,
write and acknowledge deeds of all kinds,
make abstracts direct from Records, prepare
contracts and write insurance policies in first
class companies. Office, over Kirkville Sav-
ings Bank, with F. M. Harrington. -1814

T. C. HARRIS
Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Real
Estate and Paying Agent.
Kirkville, Mo.

Buy and sell lands, town property etc., on
commission. Some very desirable farms and city
property, unimproved and improved for sale at
great bargains. Taxes paid, rents collected, ab-
stracts furnished, and accounts collected promptly.
Correspondents solicited. All business looked
after with care and promptness. Office—South
corner square, over Jamison's Drug Store. -1884

A. M. SMITH & CO.,
Real Estate, Tax-Paying and Insurance Agents
Notary Public, Etc.,
Kirkville, Mo.

Buy and sell on commission—make collections—ex-
amine titles, furnish abstracts, write deeds of
conveyance. Have for sale large tracts of the most
desirable grazing land in Iowa figures either in cash
or on time. Also have for sale a large tract of
land in Iowa, well watered and can give
time on payment to suit purchaser with low
rate of interest. Lands especially adapted to sheep
raising, beef and dairy farming. Have also
large lot of improved farms in Iowa from 40 acres
to 160 acres, all well watered and improved
with all the latest machinery and buildings
on hand at low rates. Orders promptly filled and
all business looked after with care and promptness.
No charge without sale is expected.

A. T. FOWLER'S
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Kirkville, Mo.
(East side square over Jamison's Drug Store)
The place to get the Best Suit of Clothes for the
least money.

HENRY BESTMAN
UNDERTAKER.
Has opened a shop on the Northeast corner of
the square and keeps a full line of
COFFINS, BURIAL CASES ETC.
On hand at low rates. Orders promptly filled and
all business looked after with care and promptness.
No charge without sale is expected.

H. S. HAMILTON,
DEALER IN
WOOD, COAL ETC.
Kirkville, Mo.

Office : : : NORTH SIDE SQUARE.
J. W. JOHNSTON,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public.
Office over Savings Bank Kirkville, Missouri.

J. H. CARTER,
DENTIST.
Kirkville, Mo.

Dental rooms on North Side Square, New brick,
all work warranted.
CHAS. S. BOSCOV,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Kirkville, Mo.

Will attend calls at all hours. Office new
rooms in rear of Jamison's Drug Store. -1884

W. D. OLDHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Kirkville, Mo.

Office—Over Hope & Hope's store South Side
Square, -1874

J. M. McALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOAN AND COLLECTION AGENT
Office: North side square, New brick upstairs
Will attend promptly to collections and all other
business entrusted to his care. Many to loan
at favorable terms.

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH LIVER PAD
Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb
Ague, Ague Cakes, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dys-
pepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and
Bowel, price \$1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guil-
mette's Treatise on the Kidney and Liver, free by
mail. Address FRENCH PAD, O.,
Toledo, Ohio.

For sale by J. G. JAMISON.

His Friend and Adviser.

BY M. J. ROY.
Author of "Walter Brownfield,"
"Stage Struck," "The Hired Girl,"
etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.
MORE MONEY.

Time goes on and the world rolls
round without regard to our individual
preferences or pleasures. Frequently
we find that about which we were ex-
ercising ourselves most, the world
cares the least. We grow selfish and
that which does not interest every
body seldom becomes popular. Mr.
Reuben Vane was allowed to move on
in his miserable course. No one asked
about him. No one seemed now to
care that a vampire was sucking
his blood. He felt the clutches of
Osborne at his throat and yet was
powerless to tear him loose.

Mr. Osborne, however, was calm
and serene. He sat in his office one
bright morning tenderly caressing his
mustache and gazing out of his win-
dow. It was only a dull little town
upon which the hot rays of the sun
seemed to dance. The air quivered
beneath the heat, and man and beast
sought the shade. There were those
who dare not consult personal comfort
however. The old man who was
pounding and beating the large stone
which was to go into a building they
were erecting in the village, had no
time to consult comfort. Even though
the sun poured down its sultry rays
upon his gray head, he was forced to
work. His life's support and the support
of his family depended on his ex-
ertion. He, like Reuben Vane, had
went to law, and had employed Mr.
Osborne as his friend and adviser, and
the result was that in a few years he
had no money or property either. All
had been swept into the coffers of that
friend and adviser. Then his friend
and adviser turned him from his office
when he came to beg that his home-
stead might be spared. Because the
old man lingered rather longer than
sought the temper of Mr. Osborne he
accelerated his motions by a brutal
kick from his foot. Such a brilliant
legal luminary had Mr. Osborne be-
come, that the foolish old man absolved
him from all blame. He would not
even allow a word to be said in
disparagement of Mr. Osborne's
legal ability or honor.

At this very time, when so many
were suffering from this grasping legal
shark, a young man was being en-
treated by his two friends not to entrust
a certain legal matter of his to Mr.
Osborne. Mr. Silas Todd listened to
the advice of his friends, but evidently
with no intent of taking it, and as soon
as he conveniently could do so, in spite
of all their remonstrances, he set off at
once for Mr. Osborne's office. The
great legal luminary was as blinding to
his unfortunate victims as the lamp is
to the moth. All who came fluttering
by him were sure to get their wings
scorched, and yet he attracted the silly
creatures like a magnet.

"Well, I must have some money,"
said Mr. Osborne with his half earnest
half jest smile. Mr. Osborne was evi-
dently talking to himself for there was
no one else for him to speak with.
He was alone in his office lounging
lazily in his great arm chair and look-
ing carefully out of the window as if
he expected to fix his eye upon some
poor victim hopelessly in law, and by
his great magnetic force draw him to
his control. Could he but succeed in
drawing him to his influence, he deemed
him a sure victim. And yet Mr. Os-
borne was only deemed a successful
lawyer. His influence was felt all
over the country. Good and influen-
tial men never wearied of sounding
his praises. Although no member of
any church and really a scoffer, the
most pious of ministers delighted in
having him in their pews. "I must
get out among my clients and stir
them up a little," said the attorney,
neatly paring his finger nails with a
small pen knife.

After he had trimmed and scraped
and filed them he closed his knife and
put it in his pocket, then folding his
arms at the back of his head and lean-
ing back in his great easy office chair
he yawned, and then turning to his
desk wrote some half dozen letters to
as many clients and placing stamps on
them left them for the office boy to
post.

Three or four days went by when
the letters began to be answered in
person. Mr. Osborne was as usual

absorbed in his morning paper when
the door opened and Mr. Wiley en-
tered.

"I received your note," explained
that gentleman as his excuse for in-
truding on the attorney, "and I came
in this morning to see just what it was
you wished to see me about."

"Oh yes, Wiley, I am devilish glad
you came. Sit down and make your-
self comfortable," said Mr. Osborne
with a half earnest and a half jest
smile upon his face. "Well, we're
going to have a devilish hot day. How
is corn planting and early ploughing
out in your neighborhood? I think
the county will come out all right yet
don't you?"

"I hope so."

"By the way are you and your fam-
ily well?"

"Yes sir, how are you yourself?"

"Oh, I am getting along very well.
I have a great deal of hard work to do
and it is a great strain upon my mind."

Certainly at present there did not
seem to be any very great strain upon
his mind. He was taking his ease
and making himself as comfortable as
he could with the thermometer in the
nineties, and seemed engaged in no
more laborious work than fanning him-
self with his fan and drinking bottled
beer kept on ice.

"What did you wish to see me
about, Mr. Osborne?" asked his
visitor.

"Oh yes, I'm devilish glad you came,
Wiley, for the truth is I'm hard up—"

"Hard up?"

"Yes, and must have money."

For a moment the man sat with
bowed head, then in low, rather tremu-
lous tone asked:

"How much do I owe you?"

Mr. Osborne was sitting at his desk.
He had only to wheel his chair around
and take out from one of the corner
compartments a large old ledger which
he opened and spread out before him.
Turning to the index he ran his finger
down the "W" column until he came
to the name of the man before him,
then noting the page he turned to it.

He glared at the page for a moment
with a frown as if he was not satisfied
with the record, and cursing his own
carelessness, he picked up a pen and
made a new entry.

"There, that's right now," he said
in self-satisfactory manner, as he care-
fully wiped his pen and laid it upon a
pen rack near his elbow.

"How much is it?" Mr. Wiley again
asked and his heart almost stood still.
Somehow he dreaded the answer.

"Two Fifty," was the answer in a
very careless manner. These were
my last services in that motion you
know, which I had not previously en-
tered, but I have it now; it's all right
and I will make you out a receipt for
every thing up to date."

"Do you mean two hundred and
fifty dollars?" asked the astounded
client.

"Too be sure I do. Did you think
I meant two dollars and fifty cents?"

"But that is more than the whole
amount involved."

"My charges are governed by my
labors and not the amount involved,"
answered Mr. Osborne with an insid-
ious smile.

His client was silent. He was puz-
zled to understand the attorney. Could
he be in earnest or was he only jesting?
Surely no work he had done was worth
that amount of money. He was al-
most sure at times that Mr. Osborn
was only in jest, for the smile which
curled his lips would seem to indicate
it.

"You are not in earnest are you?"
he asked at last.

"I'm in earnest of course I am,"
and Mr. Osborne started up in his
chair and glared at the man before
him.

There could be no doubting now
the earnestness of the attorney. Still
Mr. Wiley would have defended him
against the charge of extortion. So
grand a luminary could not be ac-
cused of such a wrong.

He was not able to pay the money
just then but he would give his note.

"With the per cent compounded?"
asked the attorney.

"Yes I guess so."

"You see I might have to get it
cashed at a bank and unless it is com-
pounded you know," went on Mr. Os-
borne in his half jest, half earnest,
ironically-business like manner, "I
should have to have to have it consid-
erably shaved."

The note was written and com-
pounded in such a way as to certainly
need no 'shaving' at any bank. Mr.

Wiley went away from the office with
a weight upon him, but still greatly
impressed with the wonderful business
qualifications of Mr. Osborne.

Several other poor deluded victims
called and paid their tribute to this
great man at the same ratio. The
last of all to come was Mr. Reuben
Vane.

"Well Reuben," said Mr. Osborne,
"sit down now and don't look as if you
wanted to creep away and hide. That
case you know comes off next term."

"Y—y—yes, how will it go?"

"Well I can't say. You know there
is an old saying, if there is anything
that God does not know, it is what
the verdict of a jury will be."

"W—well I hope we'll beat."

"Well I hope so too, but in the
meanwhile we must have some more
soap you know."

"Eh?"

"We must have money."

Reuben dropped his head in silence
and fixed his eyes upon the floor. The
attorney looked for a moment at him
with a sneering contempt and then re-
sumed.

"Yes sir I must have money. I
want two hundred and fifty dollars out
of you now."

"I have not got it."

"I can raise it on your note."

Reuben was the easiest of all his
clients to manage and in a few mo-
ments the lawyer was folding the note
and placing it in his desk, while Reu-
ben Vane slunk out of town to his
home.

There was an additional weight up-
on his mind and an new cloud upon
his brow and an increased pain at his
heart. "I can see no day light now,"
he said to himself.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE HAWK AND VULTURE.

The district in which Mr. Nicholas
Styles was teaching was a public school
and at the close of his first month
the teacher received from the treasurer
of the board his written order on the
county treasurer for his month's pay.
Not having any immediate use for the
money he delayed going to town to
draw it for several days. At last how-
ever he was forced to go to town to go
to town to get the money as his funds
were getting low.

He chose Saturday as the most suit-
able time, there being no school on
that day. Mr. Styles had been very
miserable since his interview with Miss
Claudia. His thoughts had however
taken a new direction. There
was yet a hope. If he could but ac-
complish a task he set for himself he
might reinstate himself in her affec-
tions. Never did a mailed knight set
out with more determination than he.
He had made some inquiries about the
condition of Reuben Vane's affairs,
and learned of Mr. Osborne's connec-
tion therewith. He at once began
reasoning at the probable course. Not
being blinded as to the uprightness of
Mr. Osborne, as others were, Nicholas
at once came to the conclusion that he
was unscrupulous. He doubtless had
gained some power over the simple
minded old man and was using it in
his business connection."

"I will ascertain from actual ac-
quaintance with the man what his pec-
uliar shrewdness is, and then I shall
try by some means to break the force
of it and get at his power over Reuben
Vane."

This resolution had been formed
several days before he set out for the
village of Kingston. The morning
was fair and as he jogged along in the
single seater buggy of Mr. Ward's be-
hind his old sorrel horse he felt the
effects of a bracing breeze which fan-
ned his heated face. Ten thousand
feathered songsters were making the
woods melodious with their songs. The
road was lined with wild flowers that
nodded their blue and crimson heads
in the breeze, as if they were bidding
the school master God-speed, and good
luck on his journey. There were
laughing rivulets the beds of which
were paved with many bright colored
pebbles. The small fishes were occa-
sionally seen dashing hither and thither
in their sportive flights. As the horse
and buggy approached one of these
streams, the fishes darted away and
concealed themselves in some deep
little pool.

But Nicholas though a great lover of
nature, had no thought for the beauties
about him. He only paused once or
twice, while crossing a brook to allow
his horse to slake his thirst, or dash
the water upon his legs in order to cool

them or drive off the tantalizing flies
which swarmed about him. The mind
of Nicholas dwelt chiefly upon the
past. It was an eventful past to him
and full of hope and misery. That past
like all others was linked so closely to
the present and the future that it was
inseparable.

Hereached the town at noon and
leaving his horse at the small boarding
stable, went to the hotel for his din-
ner.

After dinner he went to the office of
the treasurer and found it closed. A
boy who was standing near by tossing
some marbles up in his hand said:

"I kin tell ye where he is, mister."

"Where is he?"

"He went to Mr. Osborne's office."

"Who is Mr. Osborne?" he asked
pretending ignorance of the man.

"La goodness gracious," said the
boy in astonishment while his eyes op-
ened wide with wonder, "don't ye
know Mr. Osborne?"

"No I do not. I never met him."

"Why he, he's the lawyer here,"
answered the boy as if he regarded Mr.
Osborne as the only member of the bar
in the town.

"Well where is office?"

"It's up this way, come on an' I'll
show it to you."

The boy started up the street follow-
ed by Nicholas. They turned a cor-
ner where there was a row of wooden
buildings and were upon a street which
went down to the park. They came to
a corner building which was three
stories high, made of brick. They halted
at a stairway ascending up into the
interior of the building and the boy
said:

"It's up there."

At the head of the stairway could be
seen a sign bearing the inscription:

"FRANK OSBORNE'S LAW OFFICE."

Nicholas thanked the boy who in-
formed him that he was welcome and
went away with his hands in his pockets
whistling with all the independence of
young America.

Nicholas went to the top of the stair-
way and there saw a cluster of men
talking in serious whispers as though
the welfare of the nation depended up-
on their conference. One or two would
whisper vehemently for a moment and
then all whisper together and that most
fiercely as though they were engaged
upon most desperate business.

After a few seconds contemplating
this strange group, our hero ventured
to ask one of them about Mr. Os-
borne's office. A side door was point-
ed out to him, and he was informed
that Mr. Osborne was in the front
office engaged in a consultation. Nich-
olas entered the side door closing it
after him. He was in a small room,
carpeted and very neat. There was a
large book case extending from the
floor to the ceiling. It was well filled
with legal books, neat clean and well
arranged.

The door opening into the front
office was partly ajar and he heard the
voices of two men which sounded fa-
miliar. The one who seemed a little
excited over the conversation he soon
made out to be Mr. Silas Todd one of
the directors of his district. Mr. Todd
had a legal looking document in his
hand, and was talking very earnestly
with the attorney.

"He has not signed it Mr. Osborne,"
said Mr. Todd. "I can do nothing
unless he signs it. Its the last day and
he gone."

"Oh well sign it yourself."

"Myself, but my name is on it al-
ready, I want his. He has agreed to
the contract as you have written it and
now it only wants his signature."

"You put it there yourself," said Mr.
Osborne in his easy confidential man-
ner which was not only soothing but
winning.

"Sign his name without his consent."

"Yes it would be all right."

"You are his attorney—you sign it."

"No sign it yourself."

"Would it be right?"

"Of course it will," answered Mr.
Osborne. "I am not going to tech-
nical about any formality in this
matter." "All I want to do is to get it
properly before the court and fight it
on the square issues."

"I supposed so." Well, I must go.
I am glad I have got that matter set-
tled," and Mr. Todd took up his hat
and departed.

A gleam of triumph darted from the
eyes of the lawyer as Mr. Todd left
the room. The farmer did not see it,
and it was well for his peace of mind
that he did not.

When he was gone and the crowd
which had been gathering at the top
of the stairway had descended our
hero rose and entering the room where
the attorney sat said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I came
here to find Mr. Walker, the treasurer
of the county funds. Can you tell me
where I will find him?"

He paused, for the man had started
from his desk and their eyes met.
Both started back as if there was a
mutual astonishment between them.
It was evident that they had met be-
fore, and their recognition was not a
very pleasant one.

"Oho, is it you?" hissed Nicholas
through his teeth, his cheeks changing
to a vivid hue and ghastly paleness.

"Is it you, the hawk?" cried Os-
borne equally as daring.

"Is it you the vulture?"

"Well, what are you doing here?
What business have you with me?"
asked Mr. Osborne.

"I may have some in the future, but
for the present I only want to see Mr.
Walker."

"He has gone to his office."

Opening the door Nicholas walked
out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Close Presidential Contest.

Nothing better illustrates the conser-
vatism of the American people and
their loyalty to the governmental ma-
chinery constructed by the "Fathers,"
than the long-suffering spirit in which
they endured the anomalies and para-
doxical surprises wrapped up in their
mode of choosing a President; in 1860,
Garfield's popular vote was 4,454,416,
and Hancock's was 4,444,952. Each
carried 19 states. But Garfield's
states had 214 electoral votes, and
Hancock's only 155. And yet, if Han-
cock could have transferred less than
11,000 of his excessive vote in Ken-
tucky to New York, he would have
been elected. Or the same number of
votes properly placed, would have
elected him by several other combina-
tions.

In 1876, Hayes had a popu-
lar vote of 4,033,950 while Tilden's
vote was 4,284,885. But although Tilden's
popular vote was so much the greater,
Hayes carried 21 states and Tilden
carried only 17. And the most
curious fact of all in that (accepting the
figures of the Returning Board) if 48
more voters in Florida had cast their
ballots for Tilden, he would have been
President instead of Hayes. Tilden
had a popular plurality of over 250,000
votes yet he needed 48 more votes, in
a particular state, to elect him.

In 1872, Grant's popular vote was
3,597,079, and Greeley received
2,834,079. Grant carried 31 states,
and Greeley, though his popular vote
was so considerable, carried only 6
states. At that time there were 366
members of the Electoral College, and
only 66 were chosen in Greeley's inter-
est. And yet if Greeley had polled
84,232 more votes in Alabama, Arkan-
sas, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana,
New Hampshire, New York, Virginia
and West Virginia he would have been
elected. In that case, Grant would
have had a popular plurality of nearly
700,000 votes, and would have carried
21 states against Greeley's 16, and yet
would have been defeated.

In 1868 Grant's popular majority
over Horatio Seymour was 305,458,
Seymour carried only 8 states out of 37.
And yet if 27,447 men had voted dif-
ferently in the States of Alabama, Arkan-
sas, California, Connecticut, Indi-
ana, Nebraska, Nevada and Penn-
sylvania, Seymour would have been
elected, and the reconstruction policy
of the Republicans in the south
would have been revolutionized. On
such slight contingencies hang great
historical consequences.

The total popular vote in 1864 was
4,024,792; and the change of 32,613
voters in eight States would have
placed in power the party which de-
clared in its national platform that year
that the war was a failure. What
would have befallen the country if the
party of Vallandigham and Thomas A. Hen-
dricks had gained control of the ad-
ministration in 1864? Lincoln's
popular majority over McClellan was
407,342 and the electoral vote stood
212 to 21. And yet, as we have said,
32,613 voters in the proper States
would have changed the result and revo-
lutionized American history.

Figures played some curious freaks
in 1860. The popular vote was as fol-
lows, Lincoln, 1,866,352; Douglas,
1,375,157; Breckenridge, 847,514;
Bell, 587,830. Lincoln carried 18

States, Douglas 2, Breckenridge 11,
and Bell 4. With not much more than
one-third of the popular vote Lincoln
obtained considerably more than one-
half the electoral vote. He received
180, Breckenridge 72, Bell 39, and
Douglas 12 electoral votes. With a
joint popular vote about equalling that
of Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell re-
ceived a joint electoral vote more than
nine times as large as that of "Little
Giant" of Illinois. Strange as it may
seem, if 18,023 citizens of Indiana and
Illinois, and of the two Pacific States
had voted for Douglas instead of
for Lincoln, the result would have been
changed.

None of the candidates would have
had a majority in the Electoral College
and the election would have been
thrown into the House of Representa-
tives. The House was Democratic by a
large majority both in aggregate
vote and in the number of State dele-
gations, and a democrat must there-
fore have been chosen. In that case
the Democrats would have been forced
to unite upon Breckenridge or Douglas,
or else give the Presidency to Lincoln.

The Republicans in the House would
undoubtedly have supported Douglas
to prevent Breckenridge's election, and
Douglas would have been Buchanan's
successor. Thus, if Douglas had re-
ceived 43 out of 303 Electoral votes,
he would have come off victorious.

Almost every Presidential election
back to the beginning of the century
furnishes some similar statistical
curiosity. In 1836 Millard Fillmore
was the candidate of the "Know-
Nothing" party, and he carried only
the one State of Maryland. Yet a
change of less than 8,000 votes in
three close Southern States would have
thrown the election into the House,
where Fillmore's chances would have
been no worse, and would in all proba-
bility have been better than either Bu-
chanan's or Fremont's. In 185